

Probably Nothing by telescopefever

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Post-Season 2, basically starts when steve drops dustin off, no mentions of y/n bc it ruins the /aesthetic/, super-out-of-nowhere drabble

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Henderson!Reader - Character, Reader, Sister!reader - Character, Steve Harrington, You

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Original Female Character(s), Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve Harrington/You

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Summary:

You pretend that when Steve shouts goodbye to Dustin he isn't watching you, especially when you usher Dustin in and close the door behind you.

After that, you forget about Steve Harrington.

Or you wish you could.

Probably Nothing

The first time you see him he drops your brother off.

It's dark and it's hard to see and you almost have to squint to see the flash of metallic red against his forehead and the cut on his lip and the yellowing bruise next to his eye.

It's the time of night your mum calls witching hour; the quiet eeriness lingering in the air and the cold chill of the wind is the only voice that whispers. But the nights that have followed for the past weeks echoed with the distant roars and screams of a creature you couldn't quite pinpoint of exactly what *it* was. Then again, it's none of your business.

It's not abnormal to see Dustin come home so late, his Dungeons and Dragon's game serves as his childish addiction to the point you have to drag him from the Wheelers' basement, but perhaps it was the fact that *Steve Harrington from Hawkins High School* has ruined that excuse for him by dropping him off home.

It was questionable that you're also awake at this time of night but so was the English paper that was due tomorrow, and you knew that if you didn't finish it Ms. Melville would *murder* you. Now, with *Steve Harrington* at your doorstep, you couldn't decide whether it was either a blessing that you're still up or a bad decision.

You watch Steve clap Dustin on the back, both their laughs ringing in the ever-silent air, the most silent it's been for a while. You frown. Steve Harrington didn't seem to be the type of guy who'd hang out with your thirteen-year-old brother.

When the door swings open, both the boys flinch and the arm of Steve twitches towards his car but their faces relax when they realize it's you with a tightly wrapped robe around your body and a look of annoyance across your face.

While Dustin realizes that it may be *a bit questionable* to why he was out so late with a boy five years older who's face was bloodied. You're now close enough to see dirt across Dustin's cheeks and how the lamppost from above emitted a soft yellow glow that highlighted the extent of the brutal ass-handing you're guessing Steve endured.

Steve notices you.

Of course, you know he doesn't *know* you. You go to the school on the other side of Hawkins but you know his name from the gossiping swooning girls back there, where they'd lean against their yellow lockers and chitter about how his hair is *the epitome of perfect* and his *mad skills on the basketball court*.

The reddish glow of your blush surfaces when you realize that Steve's been looking at you longer than he really needed to, and he probably noticed how you jerked and averted your eyes from him and instead glared at Dustin who was already trying to come up with excuses to why exactly he was out at four in the morning.

Instead you roll your eyes and ruffle his hair, beckoning him in because it's cold and you're shivering and the first snow has started to drift down and you pretend that when Steve shouts goodbye to Dustin he isn't watching you, especially when you usher Dustin in and close the door behind you.

After that, you forget about Steve Harrington.

Or you wish you could.

Next week he picks Dustin up from the house for the fourth time.

You were taking pictures on your knees at the dirt path that leads up to your house, and the flash on because the dark was settling in again, and Dustin was leaning against the front door trying to look as smooth and slick as possible in his suit. The grin you try to hide rises up as you notice how he proudly runs his fingers over his hair, and you almost jump when the door of *his* car slams behind you.

There's some sort of uplift of glee that occurs inside you when you hear him compliment Dustin on his hair behind you and you continue to take snapshots of your brother, trying to ignore the tall presence behind you, and when you rise up too quickly you graze against his chest and he puts a hand on your shoulder to steady you.

He looks over and down you as you flick through the pictures you've taken and you can feel his hot breath against your ear and you try not to feel warm and teenage-tingly all over.

You think he's going to say something when he opens his mouth and you turn to face him and you feel like you've never been so brave as to when you look back at him.

Inevitably, Dustin drags him over to his car, and you think he shoots you a glance and a smile before stepping in and when you wave them away you think you feel the familiar stare he has when he leaves.

But you're guessing it's probably nothing.

Author's Note:

I don't normally do Reader fics but this idea came to me so I just wrote it down.

I'm interested in continuing this! but it really depends on the feedback and whether people enjoy it!

sorry this is quite short